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Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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Contents.

	PAGE.
EDITORIAL.	
The Jesus of To-day	137
CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.	
Christmas Gifts—JUNIATA STAFFORD.	139
Academic Education—LYMAN CLARK.	139
CORRESPONDENCE	139
CHURCH DOOR PULPIT.	
The Heart of Christmas.—JENKIN LLOYD JONES	140
THE STUDY TABLE	141
NOTES FROM THE FIELD	142
THE HOME	143
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL	143
ANNOUNCEMENTS	144

Editorial.

The Jesus of To-day.

UNITY yields itself to the blessed spirit of the hour, and joins in the carollings of old and young, native and foreign, believing and unbelieving. With them we greet our readers with a MERRY CHRISTMAS.

But we would deepen the greeting and heighten the merry-making by adding a touch of thoughtfulness to the thoughtless hilarity of the hour. And so we have asked those of our editorial household to bring to our Christmas table, each from his own store house, his estimate and word of appreciation of that character that lies back of the Christmas greetings. Three classes are distinguishable among those who chant the Christmas carols to-day. One is that of uncritical adoration always prone to shade off into unmeaning praise. Starting with the hypothesis that the personality of Jesus was in every conceivable direction beyond reproach and above comprehension, the thing to do is, to use superlatives in as great freedom as our language allows, and then to try to believe that all this is inadequate. This method begins with the rapt devotee who with clasped hands and uplifted eyes pours out his soul in worship to the Galilean peasant, and ends with the easy "In the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ!" commonplace of the ritual of the would-be rational Unitarian Christian.

The second class is represented by those who, recognizing the perplexities of the student, the difficulties of the historical problem, abandon the historical study and with more or less mental frankness use the outline of history only as a screen upon which they project their own highest ideals.

Whatever the head and heart conceive of as noble, beautiful and true, that they call the Christ. Mankind must have its ideals, and there is a manifest economy in making such ideals concrete; so, say these, we will strengthen, our ideals by glorying and defining the outlines of the ideal man, Christ Jesus. Whether such an one actually went about Judea nineteen centuries ago is a matter for scholars to dispute, but that such an one lives in the human heart no one can dispute, and to him they will pay homage.

The third class is of those who seek to know Jesus by means of historical criticism. Believing that fulsome praise, or familiar compliment, unaccompanied with mental activity, sooner or later ends in superstition, cant or hypocrisy, and that unlicensed imagination, unreasoning idealization must end in sentimentalism, this class persists in facing the records, in reaching back along the lines of historical sympathies and finding as best they may the personality that was the seed out of which grew this beautiful tangled growth of reverence, superstition, miracle and appreciation. This class expect not to find perfection in a finite being, and know no way of appreciative study of one character save by comparison and contrast with others. On the lines of such study the UNITY household come with their tributes to the man Jesus, who so "went about doing good" that the world is still echoing that goodness and by slow degrees rising into it. Without further delay we let our associates speak.

"A cloud received him out of sight,"—
Even so: and then man knew no more
The human presence warm and bright
As he had walked the earth before;

The preacher of the mountain-side,
Teaching the Kingdom's reign within,
Strong in rebuke of hardened pride,
Yet pitiful of conscious sin:

But sceptered now, and throned afar,
Men watched in dread his swift return,
To see before his judgment bar
The earth dissolve and heavens burn.

The gathered clouds of centuries lift,
No King in wrath descends to reign;
Yet King-like through the shining rift
The Man of Nazareth comes again.

O, Friend and Brother, draw more near
The while Thy festival we keep;
Diviner shall our lives appear
Held fast in Thy high fellowship.
F. L. HOSMER.

"THE present place and value of Jesus in the world?" I think our thought of him still serves to make real to us our best ideals of the pure heart and self-forgetting life, and the spirit one with God's. To minds in Christendom, he is type and symbol of the best, as Buddha is in Buddha lands. And, by making this real to the mind, he helps us in two ways: he makes us wish and try to be such men as he, and he reveals the goodness at the heart of things, the goodness we call God's—since Jesus is nature's beautiful success, nature in flower and fruitage. This is his service now, and it was yesterday, and it will be to-morrow. But this is saying two things more; that he serves us as all good men and women serve in their degree, and that "the Jesus that abides" is the Jesus who does not abide, but the one who changes,

rising as men's ideals rise. He is one-third real, the rest is our ideal; and it is in virtue of this "rest" that he outlives the centuries and is as God. Even in Paul's day, one generation after him, it was "Christ in us," not the Christ of flesh and blood, that began to count. Yet, I confess for myself, to see so well that my Jesus is two-thirds of my own creation; that, practically, my ideals do not concentrate in this way on that one man, although he be the man of the beatitudes, the parables and the death upon the cross. The ideals made real around me, though only gleams of nature's beautiful success, somehow help me more. I wonder if it be not so with many others.

W. C. GANNETT.

THERE is no wonder anywhere in the universe greater than the wonder of a great soul, no mystery diviner than the mystery of love. The Jesus that abides is the human brother, the greater for being human, whose tenderness for the weak and sinning and suffering, draws our hearts by an irresistible attraction. His relation to the life of our time, is coming more and more to be seen as that of a helper, friend and inspirer of all those who strive after purity and a deeper sense of the divineness of life, of those who would lift the burdens of poverty and sorrow and sin from human shoulders, and give room for the unfolding of the divine life of the soul. To-day the higher life of the world is set to the key-note of service. The prayer of noble men and women everywhere is:

"If there be some weaker one
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer thee."

Wherever a man is burdened with the woes and wickedness of humanity and is striving in the face of prejudice and misunderstanding to open eyes that are blind to the grandeur of life's opportunities, and unstop ears that are deaf to the summons of duty, of love, and of courage, that man, though cast out as unbeliever, is the one whom Jesus would own as his friend and spiritual kinsman.

JOHN R. EFFINGER.

THE greatness of Jesus can not be separated from his thought of the coming kingdom of God. The grandest passages in the New Testament are these which describe the approaching judgment. Worthy is any one to come on the clouds of heaven, to have all the pomp and circumstance of the invisible world attend him, to have the righteous dead rise from their graves and hail him, who should execute the world-wide justice of which Jesus dreamed. Jesus was a member of the company of noble spirits who have from time to time expressed deep discontent with the world as it is and held up an ideal of what it should be. The religion which is named after him has come to be one of the conservative forces in society; were it true to his name and memory, it will be one of the radical and revolutionary forces. Jesus confronted the ancient world and said it could not stand. Men arise to-day and confront the existing order of society and say it can not stand. Both are right. A civilization made up of the great possessing and trading classes on the one hand,

and of an immense non-possessing and non-enjoying class on the other, however proud it may be and secure it may feel, must pass away. "One world and another has gone to pieces because it was fashioned to the inspiration of this ideal, and that is a consoling and edifying thought" (Matthew Arnold). And so I would not have the reverence for Jesus abated. His value to the world lies in no small measure in the very illusions he cherished. The kingdom of heaven did not come as he expected; he did not come himself with heavenly glory to judge and punish all injustice. Ah, but his soul was great enough to believe in a kingdom of heaven and a world-judgment. He looked for them, in spirit he greeted them,—and that is why we love him, that is why we honor him.

W. M. SALTER.

THE Jesus most needed to-day and to abide, is just the one who is proclaimed in the Christmas message of "Peace on earth," and whom the church seems hardly to have yet heard of. Jesus gave his chief blessing to peace-makers;—but Christian history has been red with wars, and battles have been fought, and cities sacked in the name of the Prince of Peace. Voltaire, who wrote against war, is denounced as an infidel; and Napoleon, whose campaigns destroyed two million lives, has been eulogized by Christian clergymen, and his magnificent tomb is in a church especially marked by memorials of Jesus. In Christian England, it is the heretics who have opposed the late wars; and a wit said the atheist Bradlaugh ought to be made archbishop of Canterbury, since he had been the better preacher of Jesus' gospel of peace. In America, Francis A. Walker said that in a long series of sermons from fifty pulpits, he had not heard one appealing for international peace and good-will,—and he called the clergy "the most demoralized body in the community in this respect."

The wars of Christendom in the last forty years have destroyed over two million men, but have been less rebuked by the church than the doubt whether Noah built the ark. Let Christmas hear a word once more for "Peace on Earth!"

H. M. SIMMONS.

ONLY a few years ago I lost Jesus as God, to find him again as my brother. The star of his deity went down in the beams of the rising sun of his humanity.

It is most difficult, in looking across the vast spaces which separate him from our times, to estimate his genius and his work; so much has been read into and taken out of the Gospel story. But of this, I think we may be sure, he was a unique nature, of commanding personality, the Shakespeare of spirituality. I think Jesus was the natural blossom, coming along a noble line of a deeply spiritual race. In him the ethical life of the nation became embodied, as in later times the poetic feeling of the English race became embodied in Shakespeare.

Jesus taught with authority, the authority of a large nature and noble life. He had the leader's quality, that quality which drew and fastened men to himself. He embalmed him-

self in others, he propagated his soul.

I think of him as large and robust of form, not thin and frail, as the artist made him in his "Christ before Pilate." I think of him with eyes of fire, and a voice sonorous as the waves of the sea. He was fond of good living and of society, but large of brain, and of womanly heart. His vision of God was real, but he had what so many spiritual men do not have, the human sympathy; spirituality, ethical enthusiasm, and sympathy with men, were the dominant qualities in him.

The world has been more ethical and kind because Jesus lived in Judea so many years ago. Theology has forged its logical chain with his words, and ecclesiasticism has built its temple upon his name, but his real influence has not been lost—it is the most vital ethical contribution which has been given to the ages.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

THE title of the "God-man" has often been given to Jesus. Rightly understood, it stands for the most essential fact in religion. There was a man, in whom, besides the finite and physical nature, a certain infinite quality appeared. Let him see what the right is and he will do it, with the same absolute certainty as the needle points to the pole star. With his truthfulness, his loyalty, his friendliness we have precisely such utter confidence, as we have in the infinite forces and laws. With many we are obliged to suspect that their goodness is limited by convenience, prudence, safety or ambition. They will be true to a certain point and there fail us. But the quality of Jesus' goodness transcends such limits; you can not measure it; it is more beautiful than you can describe, like a rose or a diamond which has in it ineffable or infinite beauty. So with the quiet incorruptible integrity or the ungratified devotion of Jesus. It is of the nature of the infinite God. This is what we say about Jesus, who are radicals and rationalists in religion. But we go on to say more. For it would be unintelligible, if only one man had ever shown forth this quality of the unreserved and infinite goodness. We are poor if we have not known men and women on whose word, on whose justice, on whose unbounded love we could rest. In their words, in their deeds, in their eyes we have seen the beauty of the infinite God shine.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

THERE is a tendency in all religions to invest some one man with all the virtues of our humanity. In some concrete life men like to center all the wisdom and goodness of the ages. We need only listen to the followers of Zoroaster, of Buddha, of Confucius, of Mahomet, of Moses, to find out how true this is. Jesus has not only been no exception to this rule, but by as much as he has been greater than these, or able to name and date the civilization of the modern world, he has been honored by the foremost races as the one total and perfect man.

But now that history is better understood, and not even contemporary witnesses can prove a man to be God, or endow a prophet with miraculous gifts, shall the moral hero or messenger of divine truth, be unmentioned or forgotten? Rather will it be our great object to realize more definitely and clearly just what service he has rendered to the world. For us the historical Jesus is no longer that prodigy of perfection once worshipped; no longer that being, omniscient and infallible, who made all his words and deeds the utterances and acts of God. But he has become all the more our brother, a man in very fact like ourselves, with the same nature and needs, with the same temptations and perils and hopes.

He was like ourselves then. Let

us not hesitate to plant ourselves there. But he forgot himself that he might help others. Never had any man a finer sense of brotherhood, or of the depth of its obligation. He could not look out over a multitude of human beings, however gathered together, and not feel compassion. So it was a man, left hurt by the wayside, though none knew him—though a heretic and an alien—he must be helped and healed. Even a hired soldier might be forgiven for his deed of deadly brutality. Thus was expressed his sense of oneness with humanity and his confidence in the real nature of man. Because he was drawn to us and to the weakest of us we are drawn to him. We are saved by brotherhood.

JOHN C. LEARNED.

ACCORDING to tradition, the Holy of Holies was so constructed that while no light was admitted from without, a stream of light welled out from it and flooded with glory the outer courts and walls. An historical phenomenon, often observed, finds its aptest illustration in this construction of the old Temple. Many are the men of genius and inspiration who were destined to carry the light from within to those without, from their own home and spiritual sanctum to those beyond the walls and outside the near courts. Among these missionaries none should be mentioned with greater reverence than the teacher of Nazareth. He came from the sanctuary of Judaism. It was his providential task to carry the light of his home out into the world. Not that he ever crossed the boundaries either political or spiritual of his nation, but his name stands the personal symbol of a movement which in the economy of history was ordered to carry the light of the home of Jesus out into a dark and waiting world. Of Jesus himself we know but little. His coming among men must have caused but little ripple among those of his own time. The records both Jewish and Roman of the age when we assume he lived are silent about him. A small band of faithful friends he seems to have gathered around himself; they hung upon his lips and when he fell a victim of either his own enthusiasm, or, as is more likely, that of his friends, into the clutches of cruel Rome; they waited for his return with a touching confidence and dreamed of an opened grave and a re-appearance in the flesh among men. A new social order, a reign of justice and love,—this was their unshaken trust—would be established among men when the master should return after temporary absence. This faith and belief was the seed from which sprang Christianity as a dogma; this hope, trussed upon Biblical passages interpreted in accordance with the learning and the leaning of the times, found novel application in the writings and the system of Paul of Tarsus. But Paul was not the only one to tread the way to Damascus. Idealization of the teacher of Bethlehem and curious insistence upon the character and the scope of his work as corroborative of preconceived concept shaped all New Testament literature. Each gospel has a Jesus of its own. The differences in the picture of the master are the offspring of the disturbances in the nascent church, the mirror of the controversies between national Judaeo-Christianity and de-nationalized Paulinian Christianity. And this process of idealization has not yet run its race. Many have thrown aside the Christ and given fuller scope to the Jesus idea. But the old error to disconnect his life from historical surroundings guides the reverential hands which pencil his idealized face. We Jews knew him as a Jew and are glad that in his name our view of world and man, though not

altogether free from foreign admixture, has gone out to the farthest ends of the earth. He was a Jew both in religion and in morality. He was a star, but not brighter than many that shone on the firmament of our past. What he taught the Synagogue of his age taught as well. Every one of his sayings has numerous parallels among the writings of the fathers of the Schools; and where these parallels seem to be missing if the reported sayings of Jesus are taken literally and without regard to Oriental Hyperbole, cool consideration will show that the healthier because more human tone is with the Jewish tenets. As an impulse toward the best Jesus will forever fill a niche in the Temple of humanity. But time did not cease and the circling globe did not come to a standstill, when, to retain the old figure of the legend, the star of Bethlehem appeared. The last word is not yet spoken concerning man's destiny and duty and the final solution of Man's doubts was not voiced with the last sigh on Golgotha. The eighteen centuries since gone have not been barren repetition, and the thousands of years which preceded are not sterile strivings. From the beginning of time to the end man is a learner; among the countless teachers he has had, Jesus holds place and throne with the noblest. He points the direction but marks not the goal. His coming was not the end of Judaism and not the close of fruitful searching of man.

EMIL G. HIRSCH.

JESUS was not, in the ordinary sense of that word, an intellectual teacher or guide. He framed no system of philosophy. He taught the world nothing about science. He hinted nothing as to the true nature of the universe, the origin of the earth, the origin of man. He had no new-found theories by which to solve the political riddles of the world. He professed no preference for monarchy or republicanism. He had no new, patent way of readjusting social inequalities. He did not even preach the freeing of slaves. He did not attempt to reorganize the industrial world. What did he do, then? Suppose towards the month of March, people, forgetting the natural coming of spring, should call a convention and outline means and methods by which to force its coming,—methods by which to dispose of the still unmelted snow, casting it, perhaps, into the sea; methods by which the little rootlets of the grasses might be kindled into life again, and led to send up their tiny shoots of green; artificial methods by which the sap should be started in the trees, by which they should induce them to push out their tiny buds with the promise of leafage and summer fruit,—and, while they were engaged in these artificial methods of doing it, behold! the old, eternal, divine sun shining in the heavens, and before his presence the snows retreat and sink away, the brooklets run dancing and singing down the hillsides, the tiny grass-blades creep up, the sap starts in the trees, the buds creep forth, the leaves unfold. While the philosophizing and speculating are going on, as Lowell says, with one great gush of blossoms June storms the world, and summer is here. Why? Because the sun has been shining.

Jesus did not attempt any unnatural, artificial methods of getting rid of the evils of the world. But he set in the heavens to shine forever the great, glowing, luminous doctrine of love, saying love is everything. Not by any means that he would intend to cast slight upon the intellectual problems of the world, or their intellectual solution. But they are of no avail unless love dominates human life. And then, if it does, do you not see how it makes very little difference whether the form

of government is a monarchy or a republic? We have learned, even in our brief history, that a republican majority can be as unscrupulous and despotic as any monarchy the world ever saw. Machine, then, alone, is not enough to produce political perfection. Suppose one man is a workman or another a slave. Freeing the slave even does not bring the kingdom of God. But love, the perfect love that Jesus preached, would bring the kingdom of God, even if slavery remained. Intellectual solutions of the world's industrial problems are all vain,—this reconstruction and reorganization of society. Not by any means that something can not be done in this way, but they are all in vain unless love be the supreme power of human life; and, when that is the power that lights, lifts, leavens, guides the world, all these other questions will take care of themselves.

The kingdom of God, then, is the kingdom of love,—that love which makes one ready to give himself in service, which makes him perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect. These, then, are some of the things that Jesus attempted.

M. J. SAVAGE.

VERY gladly do I join in the Christmas co-operation which UNITY's pages will witness—the more gladly inasmuch as there are so many sins of shortcoming accumulating upon me, the thought of which haunts me as I open the always welcome sheet which stands for Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

My one thought is this—Jesus has given us an individual life, which has crystallized around it the vague, shadowy form of The Christ, so that we have now, for practical uses in the culture of character, not the abstraction which the ancients revered so wisely and followed so faithfully, but a concrete individuality, warm, tender, human, as the symbol of the Man of the Spirit. By "The Christ" I do not mean that vision of the Lord's Anointed which rose above the Jew, alone, but that vision of The Ideal Man which rose within the soul of men in many lands and under various religions, and which was the heart of the cultus with which we are still so slightly acquainted under the name of *The Mysteries*. Concerning these Mysteries—found alike in Greece and in the East—this much may, I think, be stated as accepted facts. They formed a carefully elaborated cultus for the secret inculcation of the esoteric theology in which all noble religions flowered—the unity of God under various forms and His immanency in creation—i. e., Theism. They formed a secret science (*gnosis*) of the soul, a spiritual anthropology, in which man's origin and nature and destiny were learned—the man born in the skies, descending to the earth, imprisoned in matter, undergoing purification in the world, in course of education for immortality. They formed a secret discipline for the training of earnest souls in the moral life through which this destiny of man is to be achieved. This Hidden Wisdom naturally fashioned, from its theistic faith and its ethical conviction, the vision of a Mystic Man of the Spirit, the Son of the Eternal Father, in whose mysterious life-cycle was read the tale of soul itself. The priests of the Eleusinian Mysteries, the Secret order of Mithraicism, the Hierophants of Egypt, and the Rishis of India, saw this vision of The Christos, knew this sacred story of "Man writ large." A Divine Drama, Symbolic Sacraments, a Ritual of Righteousness shrouded in mysterious forms this spiritual and moral philosophy. The story of the soul was symbolically pictured in six successive stages of this life-drama of the Divine Human Christos, strangely familiar

to us all—Baptism, Temptation, Passion, Burial, Resurrection and Ascension. The hushed worshippers rehearsing this gospel of the Mystic Man, singing a hymn which is almost literally rendered in our Easter Hymn—"Christ is risen, Christ is risen," set before themselves the spiritual experiences through which their own souls were to climb by way of the cross to the skies.

For the ancients, this sacramental mystery remained, for the most part, a vision in the air, a dream of The Soul, after which each soul aspired. Now and again this cloudy form drew around a holy man, and enveloped him, and the individual became the core of this cloud-shape of the Mystic Man Divine. Notably was this the case with Gautama, the Buddha. That vision has materialized most perfectly, as a matter of history, around a Jewish carpenter, and the name of the individual, Jesus, has become the surname for this race name, "The Christ." As a matter of fact, he is known to the world as Jesus Christ. It may be that this "sweetest saint" actually filled out this shadowy form of the Christos, was in character an ideal man, and veritably passed through the six stages of the soul drama which are told us as his history. It may be that the memory of the actual Jesus was taken up into the larger life of The Man of the Mysteries; that the cloudy shape in the air drew about the figure of the Nazarene, wrapping it in a greater glory; that the life of the Son of Mary has been inextricably enveloped in the symbolism of this soul-myth. As to this, the conclusions of scholarship may differ. It matters not for the purposes of religion. The result, practically, is one and the same. A Jewish Carpenter so lived as to arrest the soul of man in its silent worshiping of the Mystic Man Divine, and that most wonderful cultus of antiquity dropped away from its ancient supports, and twined around the form of the Nazarene, and on the ruins of paganism there grew up the Christian religion, the religion of Jesus, the Christ. His memoirs are now the Sacred Story of the Soul, the symbol of the Spirit in its six successive stages of the human life divine. Our love for the Jesus of history can be one with our reverent aspiration after that Christ of God, who is ever being born in human hearts, and ever passing by the way of the cross into the skies, and thus the religion which is worship of the Eternal Goodness, aspiration after that Goodness and obedience to its laws, finds an abstraction turned into a concrete fact, the nebulous vision within the soul grow palpitantly realistic in the person of the holy Son of Mary, over whose birth the western world again is giving thanks.

In my reading of this fact, I find no happy accident, but the natural coming to the birth in an individual, as an individual may embody a generic conception of that Son of God, whose incarnation is the one common mystery of all souls who have been born from above into the life of the spirit. So I am where I am in the historic church, from intellectual conviction, but so I can be in the fellowship of the spirit in every church—and outside all churches—wherever men reverence that vision of the Mystic Man rising deep within the soul; wherever they follow the Christ, whether it be Jesus Christ, or Buddha Christ. Of them my Lord Jesus said: "Who-soever doeth the will of my Father, the same is my brother." "Ring in the Christ that is to be."

R. HEBER NEWTON.

A FINE culture is the complement of a high reason, and it is in the conjunction of both with character, with energy, that the ideal for men and nations is to be placed.—Matthew Arnold.

Contributed and Selected.

Christmas Gifts.

Out of the Christmas cloud-land
White gifts are dropping for you,
Star and crescent and diamond,—
And all that you have to do,
To catch the jeweled treasures,
Is to stretch out your open hand;
Not even a king or sultan
Can lovelier gifts command!

"Fleeting treasures" you call them?
Tell me they melt away?
And that you care but for jewels
Dropped into your hands to stay?
Ah, friend! these gifts from cloud-land
Stay longer than you know,
They are jewels for your heart's joy
Dropped down in Christmas snow.
JUNIATA STAFFORD.

Academic Education.

There appears to be good reason for calling attention of the Unitarian people to the question of high school or academic education. In the minds of many of our people we find a strong disapproval of denominational schools with disinclination to aid in any way in the maintenance of such schools on the part of our churches. This feeling is found side by side with the fact that our people often send their children to the schools of other denominations. An intelligent gentleman, who was applied to for aid for Proctor Academy, stated that he would contribute to abolish all denominational schools, but not to support any of them. Yet he said that he had sent a child to a denominational school of one of the other churches, and had he known of one in our denomination should have wished to send to that. Much confusion is found in the minds of the people on this question. Such schools are associated with parochial schools and regarded as antagonistic to the public schools. A want of understanding of the real reason for such schools is often found.

While common schools exist everywhere, public high schools are only found in the cities and larger towns. Large sections of country are without public high schools and must so remain for want of sufficient population and financial strength. In the cities and larger towns are found some who for various reasons need to send to boarding schools. Public high schools do not furnish boarding accommodations. We should heartily commend the educational liberality which has led various churches to do something to meet this public want and to carry on the education of their own children at the point where they leave the public schools. This is the entirely sufficient reason for the support of such schools by the various denominations. Such schools do not antagonize the public schools, but supplement them and give advanced education to children who otherwise would not receive it. They depend upon private liberality for support and do not ask the aid of public taxation or exemption from taxation on account of the public schools. It is utterly wrong to associate such schools with parochial schools which do take children from the public schools and ask exemption from taxation for this reason. It is no doubt true that the proselyting spirit sometimes dominates the denominational schools. This is a reason why those of liberal religious views should not be willing to expose their children to such influences. In other words this is a very good reason why we should provide education such as we can approve. There is no public sentiment in the Unitarian churches which would sustain the use of academies for the purpose of giving dogmatic instruction. We rather establish such schools to secure education which shall be free from influences which seem so objectionable to us on the part of many existing schools. A deeper reason than this should be the

desire to use our churches in a practical way for the purpose doing important public service. The churches of the country have been largely pioneers in educational work. Large numbers of academies and colleges have been established and maintained by them. Doubtless in many cases they have led the state and the establishment of public schools has followed the earlier work which began in the churches. Prospect Hill school for young ladies at Greenfield, Mass., and Proctor Academy, Andover, N. H., for both young men and ladies, are pioneer schools in the Unitarian denomination. They and other schools of like character, wherever found, may well receive the fostering care of our people.

LYMAN CLARK.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF UNITY:—I am always glad to be set right. It puts me so much nearer the truth I am striving to reach. Therefore I thank Mr. Salter for calling attention in a recent UNITY to a statement of mine which seems to him "careless and untrue." My statement was that the Ethical Culture societies regarded religion as a delusion and a snare. Mr. Salter assures the readers of UNITY that there are members and leaders of the Ethical Movement who think just the reverse. I can only plead misinformation in excuse. I conversed recently with a person who advocated the ethical movement as superior to any religion, simply because it did reject religion as without objective reality and incapable of rational defense. I think that my statement fairly described that person's ethical culture. But of course I am bound to admit that it is untrue as applied to those who advocate the reality and reasonableness of religion. And if the societies are made up of such persons, then I have indeed misrepresented them and hasten to withdraw my statement and express my profound regret.

But the charge of carelessness is a more serious matter. Any one may be misled into stating what is not true, but no one, even in such a hasty performance as a sermon is too apt to be, can have any excuse for a careless statement. I do not quite know how Mr. Salter decides that the statement was careless. I can only assure him that I tried to be careful as far as my limited means of information would allow. I quoted the exact words of the other parties to the "quadrilateral quarrel." But I must confess that I can not refer to any authoritative expression of any leader of the ethical movement declaring that religion is a delusion and a snare, though it seems to be implied in all discussions of the difference between Unitarianism and Ethical Culture. But on the other hand I do not know where to find any authoritative expression from ethical leaders maintaining the reality and reasonableness of what is commonly called religion. I should suppose such expressions must exist and be easily found to justify the charge of carelessness against one who was ignorant of them. Would Mr. Salter be kind enough to tell me where I can find them, so that I may not be careless on that subject again. For I had really thought that it was a doubt of the value of religion that led men to desert the churches and organize ethical societies. That certainly seems a logical basis for the movement, and in my present state of unenlightenment I can not conceive of any other. I had admired the honesty of those who, like Socrates, would not pretend to know anything on a subject which was really unknown to them. But if they really know—or think they know—that religion is a good thing, I can not understand why they reject it. Or if I am

wrong in thinking they do reject it, where is the difference between Unitarianism and Ethical Culture?

A. W. GOULD.

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Church Door Pulpit.

The Heart of Christmas.

A SERMON PREACHED AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, DECEMBER 21, 1890, BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Published by the Congregation.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men of good-will.—*Luke 2: 14.*

In August, 1858, a remarkable company of men, ten in number, crossed over the New England backbone and entered the deeps of the Adirondack Mountains, there, under the guide of ten natives, to seek in the lakes and forests rest and renewal. Now in the light of thirty-two years, when most of these ten men have passed beyond, wrapt in their mantle of fame, we can see what a remarkable company it was.

"Wise and polite—and if I drew
Their several portraits, you would own
Chaucer had no such worthy crew,
Nor Boccaccio in Decameron."

Among them were Agassiz, S. G. Ward, the sculptor, Judge E. R. Hoar, James Russell Lowell and Ralph Waldo Emerson. The story of this vacation is told in the poem entitled "The Adirondacs" by the latter. The glowing point in the experience of those wise sons of Nature in communion with their wise mother, is told in a way which forbids any attempt at telling it any other way:

"One held a printed journal waving high,
Caught from a late-arriving traveler,
Big with great news, and shouted the report
For which the world had waited, now firm
fact,
Of the wire cable laid beneath the sea,
And landed on our coast, and pulsating
With ductile fire. Loud, exulting cries
From boat to boat, and to the echoes round
Greet the glad miracle. Thought's new-
found path
Shall supplement henceforth all trodden
ways,
Match God's equator with a zone of art,
And lift man's public action to a height
Worthy the enormous cloud of witnesses,
When linked hemispheres attest his deed."

And what a triumph of mankind that was which disturbed the stillness of those nature-wilds with the shouts of America's most cultivated children. More thrilling still is the picture which still awaits its poet, of the intense moment when the strained hearts of those most concerned first received the evidence that the circuit was complete. When out from the depths of ocean there spoke the words of love and prophecy from distant homes. Strong men wept like children. That brave venture, that audacious triumph which in 1858 knit two continents together in lightning closeness was indeed such as to justify our poet's intensity.

What was this message,
"Shot through the weltering pit of the salt
sea?"

It was the message of Christmas, the heart of our festival joys, the gospel song of "Peace on earth, good-will to men;" and every added foot of wire, every companion cable, the fresh skill of the telephone and kindred contrivances have been the veritable angels, choiring this Christmas song. It matters not that we with the wise ones on the Adirondac lake are touched with a tinge of regret at the thought that these triumphs seemed to come in response to

"a hungry company
Of traders, led by corporate sons of trade,"
rather than from the zeal of scholars or philosophers. They also serve in the long run the cause of science, philosophy and religion, and none other. The legend missed it by thinking that in the thin air above did angels chant this chorus. While it was an air song, the world could remain draped in slavery, races groveled in war, and wrong went hand in hand with ignorance, but when it began to lay its wires on the ground, hide them in the seas, burrow through the mountains for a way, then civilization be-

gan to come. Good-will followed in the wake of the East India trade ships; good-will took possession of the transcontinental line of the Pacific railroad as soon as the golden spike was driven. Whatever greed and selfishness may have been enlisted in the construction, thousands of Irishmen from the eastward toiled for ten years, stretching westward the iron bands across the dreary wastes of the plains; thousands of Chinamen worked as 'long and as diligently from the westward, bridging canons, boring mountains, defying avalanches, that they might meet their bitter foes. Go, hate each other, oppose, slay one another,—the railroad you built is the natural tie deeper than the nature in you, which is linking you to a common interest and dooming you to a common love some day to come.

When things get a little cold around here, and the janitor is notified, he does not say, "I'll go open the skylights, let in more sun,—it is equal to our needs, plenty of light and heat, we must let it in;" he says rather, "I'll go below and see about it," and there he readjusts the dampers and shovels in more coal. 'Tis true our light and heat come from the sun, but they must often come by the way of the cellar, which means by the way of the dark chambers of the mountains, the under-crust of the earth, the lowly accumulations of an unhonored past. So it is with the spiritual forces that become electric in these Christmas days. They are sky forces indeed, but only such to us when they come through the humble chambers of our common needs, our daily toils, our familiar resources. "Do you believe in missionaries to the heathen?" asked some heresy-hunters of the venerable and ever lovable Dr. Dudley of Milwaukee fame, a few years ago. His sagacious reply was, "Yes, but I would believe in them more if they took a saw-mill along." They needed wires to conduct the message, and not until the missionary takes along not only the saw-mill but the railroad, telegraph and telephone, will the message be heard and felt by those who live in darkest Africa or bow down to wood and stone on "India's coral strand."

Every new way of doing any good thing, any higher activity that will crowd out a coarser method, makes for the heart of Christmas. The fanciful statement is worth nothing unless it leads to the practical embodiment; it is worth less than nothing, when as it often does, it stands in the way of that embodiment. Those earlier pages of "Ben Hur" that describe the magi traveling across some burning desert in search of some Messianic birth, are vividly done, they contain graphic word pictures, but that isn't the way that thing happens; God's Messiahs appear unheralded, they work in ways unasked for and always do the things unexpected. "Glory to God in the highest" is the best sung in lowly choruses, and it is generally sung when people have not turned out to listen for it. We have heard sentimental stories of how drowning men have been kept afloat by singers on the shore sending out the strain, "Simply to Thy Cross I cling;" perhaps have seen the same idea done up in very wet chromos, but let us think rather of the saving gospel in Joseph Francis' life-saving boat that is now ready in hands of skilled life-saving crews to achieve its gospel. "Oil on troubled waters" has been a scripture commonplace, a figure of speech for a great while, but these life-saving men have shown how worthless the rhetoric was by showing how potent the fact is, and so it is said that now with two ounces of oil, they can take the mad mane, the fierce combers from off two acres of troubled waves.

I am not trying to denude this blessed season of its poetry and its

ideality, I am trying to point the only way by which we can invest these Christmas days with poetry and with ideality. Look up into the network of wires above you on any street corner, and try to realize what is literally true, that you are looking into a fragment of network that in the most literal sense encircles the globe. No land is beyond the call of the operator, and any one of the cities of the world is within touch of the very heart pulses of any other of the great cities of the world. This makes obviously of course for trade, for what men call business, but actually it makes for common responsibilities, common joys, common ties. Surely then, he who laid under the ocean this sympathetic cord deserves Emerson's phrase, "the brightest laurel of all time."

And if as I believe Jesus was a great commoner in religion, that he stood for the universals of the human heart, that he represents in some splendid fashion the democracy of piety, it is easier to associate our Christmas thought of him with the triumphs of steam and electricity, with the strength of a Watt of Cyrus Field, than with the names of Knox or Calvin, ay, of Luther or of Channing, because these names and a hundred other noble names have been hopelessly enmeshed into ecclesiastical traditions and sectarian schemes and prides. Whoever sang the "Gloria in Excelsis," and however it was sung on the first Christmas morning, I am very sure it was not sung in Episcopalian or Unitarian time, it was not sung either by Catholic or by Protestant angels, no, not by "Christian" angels. Looking that great song in the face one realizes what an affront to God it is to make such a claim. What a dot on his universe the word "Christian" is? In the thought of the immensities and eternities, the Christian name and the Christian fact becomes a speck, and the high pretensions made for the name and the complacent conceit found in the fact become impertinent. Does the lightning halt on its way from pagan Turkey to Christian Russia? Do kind deeds stop to inquire into the creed? Examine the inspiring records of the life-saving service and you will find how many men, women and children they have saved, but you can not find how many Unitarians or Presbyterians they have saved, no, not even how many Chinamen, negroes and white people they have saved.

Do not think that by this I would detract from the glory of the Nazarene. My point is that he, like all other facts of nature, can not be studied alone. As in him all sects fail, so he, in the thought of the universal religion, takes his place in the file. Who needs be nervous lest he may not find his own place? Shall not the eagle find its proper place among the birds? In the manual of one of the Buddhist's sects, the devotee is taught to say whenever the prayer bell sounds:

Oh may the sound of this bell extend
throughout the mystic world,
And, heard beyond the iron walls and gloomy
glens of earth,
Produce in all a perfect rest, and quiet every
care,
And guide each living soul to lose itself in
Mind supreme.

This is telegraphing in the realms of the spirit: the Atlantic Cable of the heart connects by flashes of lightning, by sparks of thought and feeling, not by flashes of forms or formulas. In the chapel of Montserate overlooking the wonderful Yumuri Valley in Cuba, on the high altar a mulatto madonna holds in her arms a little Christ-child of the same complexion with crispest hair. In one of the churches of Havana is a Christ figure in the full features and deepest color of the African race, and once a year

all Christians of African descent parade the streets with this holy figure at their head. Let the Christ of the Africans be black, the heart is but taking the liberty which the artist's hand has always taken of shaping his own conceptions and surroundings into ideal forms for his divinity. Thus the Madonnas of Raphael are soft Italians, while those of Rubens and Rembrandt are solid Dutch matrons. It matters not whether the wires be copper or iron, the chief thing is, Is there a message passing? "Kine are of many color but the milk is of one kind," said the Hindoo. Another parable: "four travelers, a Turk, an Arab, a Persian and a Greek met together to decide upon a common meal. As each had but ten *paras* they consulted together as to what could be purchased with the money. The first said *uzum*, the second *ineb*, the third decided in favor of *inghur*, the fourth insisted upon *stafilion*. A dispute arose among them. They were about to come to blows when a peasant, knowing their four languages, brought them a basket of grapes, when lo, to their great astonishment they found that each one had what they desired." There is no time like this Christmas time to learn this lesson. We are poor Unitarians if we can not understand the dialect of the Episcopalian at Christmas time. And we are most unchristian Christians if we do not recognize that in our songs the noblest notes are those that belong to the great song of universal religion.

Let us not miss a single accent of this Christmas song in our anxieties about names or no names. I only want to insist upon this thought enough to be sure to catch that other thought: that the song itself is not a lingering echo of an angel recital, not the vanishing tones of a past harmony, the fading glory of a remote brightness. Unless the song stands for the most permanent thing in life it is no song at all. What the old prophets dared to declare and the priests ventured to intone, the children now carol and old men and women join in the chorus. And what we now dare carol for a week is yet to become the music of the year. The spirit of Christmas, instead of being the truce of selfishness, the holiday amusement, is to become the working joy of all the remaining days of the year. "Is to become?"—already has become more so than we realize. Instead of being the sweetmeats of a holiday it is already the daily bread of the toiling world. Love is the one essential more fundamental than bread. Succi has just gone forty-two days without the latter. But withdraw the common loves of the most prosaic life for one day from the most plodding and commonplace man, and suicide, frenzy or despair promptly follows. The bank may fail and even the poorest depositor after awhile accepts the inevitable, he whistles a little the louder. The work goes on the same. But let the woman he loves shut her heart to him, the child of his loins fly away, how unutterable is the desolation, how real is the law, not the miracle, of these Christmas carols! In trade it is the same. The Methodist may be heartily fellowshipped by brother Methodists, but if there be any doubt about the collaterals when the closing day comes, not many Methodist depositors are caught. Trade thrives by integrity. Commerce to-day pivots on character, one is almost tempted to say more than on religion. Let all the Bibles be lost, the words and deeds of all the martyrs be forgotten, let the plains of Judea become as commonplace as those of Nebraska, Jerusalem no more sacred than Omaha, and Calvary and Horeb be classed with Pike's Peak and Snowdon, and still this Christmas anthem, this "Gloria in excelsis,"—"Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, among men of good-will" would be as

good science, as profound philosophy as ever, and it would soon become as commanding a religion. Were there no Bibles, or churches, or preachers, still men would be compelled to recognize this truth. The trend of humanity is towards peace, the growth of the nations towards good-will. Indeed, when one remembers that character in George Eliot's "Felix Holt," who whenever he wanted to believe in the gospels, shut his eyes, lest he might perchance see a parson; one almost thinks that in some quarters the heart of Christmas would have its way all the more promptly if there were for a time a suspension of our ecclesiasticisms. How in the presence of these Christmas evergreens and emblems, remembering the mottoes that are printed in every language, one wants to apologize for the use of the word "ecclesiasticism." The whole thing becomes offensive. We want to be left alone in the woods when the snow garlands their boughs, alone in history with its limbs also made beautiful in winter snows as in summer foliage, left alone with man the royal spirit. Christianity? Yes, but humanity better. Church history? Great, but history greater. Preachers inspired? Yes, but if you want the best of them, or at least if you want all of them, do not insist on gowns and pulpits. The great and beautiful in the far away? Yes, indeed, but

Who bides at home or looks abroad,
Carries the eagle and masters the sword.

The air has nothing thick enough to yield so vascular as our Christmas anthem. It came out of the red-ripe heart of man.

I do not forget the other side. Man's hands have been red with violence from Pharaoh to Bismarck. Empire after empire have gone down into black oblivion, with the curse of slaves, and often from the blows of their tyrannized victims. What worked then is working now. Unscrupulous wealth, unloving monopoly and selfish trusts still make life hard and meagre to millions. You ask who dares carol this Christmas knowing of the exiles of Siberia, the hunted Jew of Russia, the wretched paupers of Ireland, and the poor frost-pierced huts of Dakota? Who can carol with the pale starvelings of the orphanage and the haggard faces of abandoned women before his eyes and mind? Deeper than all these victims of greed, war or ignorance, are those with strangled souls, impaled hearts, and love-poisoned lives. Yet in the face of all these I will try to carol the Christmas song of "Peace on earth, among men of good-will," because I read the dark tragedies of the centuries as I do the black pages of Lear, and rise from the study of both with a sense of sweetness, love and hope at the heart. The loyalty of Edgar is more penetrating than the hatred of Edmund. The loving foolishness of the gentle fool is more abiding than the turbulence in the heart of the king. The spotlessness of Cordelia obliterates much of the blackness of the inhuman sisters, Goneril and Regan. So is it in history. The man of war is for the generation, the man of peace for the century. Dante and Savonarola have outlived their colossal tyrants. Buddha bathes all caste-ridden India with gentleness. Christian pomp, priestly pride are put out and down by the self forgetting smile of him who taught at the well. And somehow the doctrine and denunciation do not count for much after reading the parable of the good Samaritan. The exclusions cease to hurt when you find that you are on the outside with Socrates, and him who was no Christian, not even a liberal Christian, only the Son of Man, and on that account the Son of God. Liebig, the German chemist, pre-

dicted a time when the civilization of a people would be determined by the amount of soap it consumed. This indicates the non-theological ways upon which we are traveling towards the time when there will be three hundred and sixty-five Christmas days in the year. Edison likes to tell of the editor who was invited to read his own editorial, only a few months old, which declared incandescent electric lighting a dream never to be realized, by the light of an incandescent burner over his own sanctum table. So will those come to confusion who dare distrust this high prophecy which is daily being translated into history by all the quiet forces of art, commerce, science, war itself. The first impulse is to reject the literal truth of the Christmas legend because it is too good, too high, but the final conclusion is to reject it as history because it is too poor, too childish, too low. Away with this cloud-band of trumpeters entertaining shepherds with midnight songs, while our days are filled with angels who have hands and feet as well as voices, to apply the gospel they sing. Not on distant starlit plains, but through the network that underlies the broad ocean, come the mightiest, resurging carollings of this great Christmas heart. If we would understand it we must join the chorus.

Friends, it is never so difficult to believe in the carol as when the chorus is all too willing to sing it, without a tremor of self-abandonment and self-forgetfulness. There is something ghastly to me in the thought of selfish people enjoying the songs of disinterestedness, of idle hands daintily applauding labor. Care, sorrow, pain are easily converted into conduct values,—but prosperity, abundance, joy, O God, who knows how these should be rightly used or justly measured? These latter have been our dangers, they have been the perplexities of your preacher. You smile at his appeals and are amused at his discontent. Think it his habit, temper or what not to appeal, to demand, to beg, perhaps you say. But why this over anxiety, why this uncomfortable expectation? It's all well enough. We are doing well enough. Let's enjoy the world and each other.

Are there no shadow lines ever seen from this desk, are there no faces plowed with misery? Brows furrowed with premature wrinkles, hands, and hearts stiffened with toil and the aches that lie back of and above toil? If such there are let us not look for them with curious eyes. They are best helped in the sense that they are of the band, that we are all in the strain and the struggle together.

Unless we have helped somebody we have no part in this hymn. If we have, be it ever so humble a part or way, we are in the chorus; and all the telegraphic systems under the ocean and above it are with us in it. We may not do it this way or that, we may miss it in nearly every way we would like to do it. Let the reproaches come concerning things undone. We may never be able to remove the reproaches directly, but we have always the indirect reply possible which was Emerson's when he wrote in his journal in 1851 when he was in the prime of his life and the strain of his work, enduring such ostracism as could be visited upon an heresiarch so celestial:

"To every reproach I know but one answer, namely, to go again to my own work. 'But you neglect your relations.' Yes, too true; then I will work the harder. 'But you have no genius.' Yes, then I will work the harder. 'But you have no virtues.' Yes, then I will work the harder. 'But you have detached yourself and acquired the aversion of all decent people: you must regain some position and relation.' Yes, I will work the harder."

The Study Table.

The Elements of Psychology. By Gabriel Compayré, Graduate of the Ecole Normale Supérieure, etc. Translated by William H. Payne, Ph.D., LL.D., Chancellor of the University of Nashville, etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price \$1.00.

This is one of that class of text-books, now happily increasing in number, which are so permeated with current thought that they make interesting reading even for one who has no expectation of using them in the school-room. The merits of different portions of this book are, however, far from uniform. Prof. Payne, in his Preface, does his author some injustice by giving the reader to anticipate more of a theological bias than actually appears. Thus he remarks that "as most teachers of youth are believers in the spirituality of the soul, and in the absolute dissimilarity of mind and matter, they prefer a book whose tone and treatment are in accord with the Christian spirit." The "Christian spirit" may be very admirable. But when it comes to psychological problems, it is the scientist, not the Christian, that we want to hear from. And on the whole Prof. Compayré has done his work in a judicial temper. At the very close he does, indeed, partly redeem his translator's unwelcome promise. He tells us that "the question of the existence of the soul thus remains an open question which science does not forbid us to solve in accordance with our natural aspirations, our feeling, and the popular belief." The method by which "our natural aspirations, our feeling and the popular belief" can solve a scientific problem, our author has failed to unfold in the preceding analysis of psychological processes.

And this suggests a feature in the terminology of current religious literature which the present writer has sacrificed not a few cerebral cells in the effort to understand. What is meant by "the heart" as a channel through which we may apprehend spiritual truth? the intuitional faculty? the "reason," as that term is sometimes used to describe the power of immediately grasping universal and necessary truths? Prof. Compayré employs the word "reason" in this sense. But it is difficult to see why this faculty should be re-christened "the heart," for the heart has been commonly taken as a symbol of the sensibility, while "the reason," whatever its genesis is, as our author makes clear, purely a part or phase of the intellect.

The treatment of the old problem, the freedom of the will, is unsatisfactory, vastly inferior to Dr. Lindner's lucid analysis in his "Manual," recently reviewed in these columns. Prof. Compayré rejects the view that man has the power to determine his conduct without motive and then, after allowing for the influence of motives, insists that the will can in some unintelligible way choose which motive shall be the strongest. Our author appeals to the use of punishments as a recognition of man's free agency. There was force in this argument under the old view of punishment as retributive; but, accept the modern view that the purpose of punishments is to restrain from the commission of crime, and the significance of their use is completely reversed. They can be justified only on the ground that the presentation of this new motive will change a man's conduct. If he can do still just as he likes, regardless of motives, the infliction of a penalty is a bit of superfluous and wanton cruelty. The doctrine that man's will is free to determine itself, judged from the standpoint of science, becomes the substitution of caprice for law; judged from the standpoint of theology, it becomes polytheism.

Martha Corey. A Tale of Salem Witchcraft. By Constance Goddard Du Bois. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company.

This is a very readable book, charming in its romance and most interesting from an historical point of view. The earlier scenes of the book are laid in England. Beatrice Desmond, honorably married to Charles Beverly, is tricked by a former hated lover, into believing her marriage false and flees from England and her husband to the little colony of Massachusetts. She meets Giles and Martha Corey, in whose care she remains until her reconciliation with her husband, who follows her to America. The character of Martha Corey is particularly noble, lovable and helpful. She is just the victim to suffer from the shameful delusion of a people who could not appreciate her worth.

Christmas Stories and March Violets. Translated from the German by Elizabeth P. Corder. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.

This pretty little gift-book should have received earlier notice at our hands except for the crowded state of the Study Table at this season of the year. Though referring in the title especially to the holiday time, the five short stories making up its contents are suited to all seasons. The book is daintily bound in blue and white, and the tales are gathered from some of the best German sources, the language so fruitful in legends and folk-lore.

The Day's Message. Chosen and Arranged by Susan Coolidge. Boston: Roberts Bros.

This is a book in dainty and attractive binding, of the "Daily Strength" order, and as such a book should be, is full of strength, sunshine and courage. The cheery side of religion is well set forth, the sweetness of

living iterated and reiterated. The range of authors quoted is wide and comprehensive in both time and theology, ranging from Zoroaster and Marcus Aurelius to Edith Zosara—from Cardinal Newman to Robert Ingersoll. It is especially rich in wholesome food gathered in modern literature. The great lack we find in this welcome book is an index of authors.

The Spirit of the Pine. By Esther B. Tiffany. Illustrated by W. S. Tiffany. Boston: L. Prang & Co.

Another of the many Christmas parables that teach good-will and self-forgetting and how the self-forgetting leadeth to a crown. Miss Tiffany puts the old thought into a little poem-drama, simple enough for small children to play and sing (the illustrations will show them how to do it), and pretty enough for any one to read in a quick five minutes. And all is daintily jacketed by Prang in white and green and gold. Of course it costs too much in such a jacket, but that is part of Christmas.

Summerland. Illustrated from Original Designs by Margaret MacDonald Pullman. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price \$3.75.

This is one of the prettiest of the present season's holiday books; an oblong quarto, made up of double illustrations of short verse selections from various sources on that particular season of the year designated in the title. The designs are at once delicate and striking, showing true taste and feeling, though sometimes a little narrow and conventional in treatment.

The God of Civilization. A Romance. Chicago: Eureka Publishing House.

The name is the best thing about this poorly-told "romance," which is improbable in its events and commonplace in its characters. It purports to be an account of savage life in the Sandwich Islands, but is highly idealized. It is on the whole rather entertaining, but crude and carelessly written.

AMONG the latest productions from that most practical and helpful of publishing firms, Ginn & Co., is a new edition of Sidney's "Defense of Poesy" prefaced by an excellent introductory essay by the editor, Albert S. Cook, who also supplies the student with a long list of copious notes. The book is intended for school use, but is well suited to any intelligent reader's use, and to the work of adult clubs and classes. The same firm also lately issued an abridged and annotated edition of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," for the use of young students. A short sketch of the author and useful footnotes help make up the volume's contents.

WE learn from the *Literary World* that Estes & Lauriat have in press, in connection with the Browning Society of London, *Robert Brownings Prose Life of Strafford*, with an introduction by J. B. Frith, and a preface by F. J. Furnival. It will contain two appendices giving interesting documents concerning the life of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, most of which will be new to the public.

EDWIN ARNOLD's new poem, "The Light of the World," will have an introduction by Richard H. Stoddard. It will be illustrated with reproductions of Hoffman's celebrated pictures of the "Life of Christ," and by a portrait of the author. The poem will be also copiously annotated. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, are to bring out the American edition soon.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book in print will be mailed on receipt of price, by the publishers of UNITY, CHARLES H. KERR & Co., 175 Dearborn st., Chicago.

Lucile and Her Friends. By Hattie Tyng Griswold. Chicago: Belford Clarke Co. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 288.

The Lion City of Africa. By Willis Boyd Allen. Boston: D. Lothrop Co., Cloth, 8vo, pp. 352. Price \$2.25.

Life. B. M. J. Savage. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 237. Price \$1.00.

Deacon Herbert's Bible-Class. By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. Cloth, 18mo, pp. 138. Price 50 cts.

Makers of America. 2 Vols. George and Cælius Calvert; James Edwards Oglethorpe. By Henry Bruce. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Cloth, 16mo.

My Study Fire. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 199.

In Darkest England. By Gen. Wm. Booth. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 352. Price \$1.00.

Mungo Park and the Niger. "Great Explorers" Series. By Joseph Thompson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 338.

Our Mother Tongue. By Theodore H. Mead. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 328.

Hindu Literature, or The Ancient Books of India. By Elizabeth A. Reed. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 410. Price \$2.00.

The Story Hour. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 165. Price \$1.00.

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SPECIAL ATTENTION TO ORDERS.

Notes from the Field.

Treasurers' Report of the Woman's Western Unitarian Conference.

FROM SEPT. 5TH TO DEC. 4TH, 1890.

Receipts.

To balance, Sept. 5th	\$ 4.41
" cash Mrs. E. A. West, Chicago . .	10.00
" " " John Wilkinson, "	5.00
" " " C. P. Woolley, "	5.00
" " " J. M. Wanzer, "	5.00
" " " R. H. Doud, "	5.00
" " " Dean Bangs, "	5.00
" " " Rachel Lloyd, Linc'n, Neb. . .	4.99
" " " L. B. Brown, Chicago	2.00
" " " John Ware, "	2.00
" " " W. B. Ayres, "	1.00
" " " John Effinger, "	1.00
" " " I. K. Boyesen, "	1.00
" " " R. C. Reed, "	1.00
" " " W. B. Candee, "	1.00
" " " S. A. Maxwell, "	1.00
" " Emile Heymann, California . .	1.00
" " collection at Chicago Branch . .	5.62
" " postage for Mr. Chadwick's . .	
Sermons	13.95
" " Miss Ellen Martin, Chicago . .	5.00
" " Parishoner of Rev. W. J. . . .	
Potter, for UNITYS	15.00
To cash missionary contributions . .	6.28
" " Keokuk church	3.00
" " St. Louis Branch	10.00
" " All Souls Church, Chicago . . .	20.00
" " Tracts	7.06
" " Memberships	26.00
	\$167.31

Payments.

By rent, W. S. S. Society	\$60.00
" " Secretary's salary	55.62
" " Postage, Chadwick	3.48
" " Stamps	4.08
" " Postage	4.22
" " Tracts	4.06
" " Circulars, printing, etc.	5.00
" " Incidentals, UNITYS, etc.	15.00
" " Balance, general fund	4.42
" " Chadwick postage	10.47
	\$167.31

FLORENCE HILTON,
Treasurer.

Boston.—The Monday Club again discussed "Mr. Savage's Unitarian Catechism." Much gain in liberal thinking will come of the various "talks" on the book. Few Unitarian ministers or church-going Unitarians gain-say the newly published opinions, yet many inside the denomination are averse to sending out the statements of the catechism, lest it be considered as by A. U. A. authority, and in some degree binding individual opinions. Discussion will give courage while it will distinctly affirm that Mr. Savage has not written a Unitarian creed. A very few unimportant alterations may be made in the second edition. Mr. Savage never expected his catechism would be other than one of a series of Sunday-school manuals.

—The "Tuckerman Circle," a company of ladies started in 1828 to aid Dr. Tuckerman's first efforts as minister at large, reports its present annual work in the same direction to be a contribution of \$2,200, which sum is spent by counsel of the four present incumbents of that ministry in Boston.

—There is noticed a growing preference for purple pulpit covering in times of funeral service, over the conventional black draperies in our city and vicinity.

—A beautiful photograph likeness of late Rev. Wm. P. Tilden is to be had at the A. U. A. Rooms, also one of the late Dr. F. H. Hedge.

—A Baptist clergyman of the city in attacking Mr. Savage's Catechism runs the gauntlet between the Unitarian admirers and opponents of the pamphlet, both sides thrusting at him pretty harshly.

Quincy, Ill.—The fiftieth anniversary of the Second Congregational Unitarian Society of Quincy will be celebrated Dec. 28, 29. On Sunday Rev. F. L. Hosmer will preach at 10:30; in the afternoon the Sunday-school will be addressed by the former ministers, S. S. Hunting, F. L. Hosmer and J. V. Blake, and in the evening there will be brief addresses by J. V. Blake, T. B. Forbush, J. L. Jones, S. S. Hunting, J. R. Effinger and L. J. Duncan. On the following day, Monday, at 5 P. M. there will be a parish sociable and supper, followed by five-minute addresses by members of the congregation and visiting friends, and at 8 o'clock the Historical Address will be given by Dr. Joseph Robbins of Quincy. The First Church of Quincy is one of the three or four oldest churches in the West and has been sustained from the beginning with a courage and devotion which are worthy of all praise. It has educated two generations of young people, many of whom have gone forth to become centers of Unitarian movements in other places. It has contributed at least one minister to the Illinois work and has helped to educate Hunting and Hosmer and Blake for the efficient service they have rendered elsewhere. UNITY hereby responds heartily to the cordial greeting of the Quincy Church on this auspicious occasion, offers congratulations on the attainment of semi-centennial honors and prays that it may, like the "brave old

oak" strike its roots deeper and spread its branches abroad and be hale and strong "when a hundred years are gone."

Florence, Italy.—We are in receipt of an interesting private letter from Hon. D. L. Shorey, president of the W. U. C., who with his daughter is spending the winter in Italy. We make the following extract which will be of interest to UNITY readers: "I have made one pilgrimage since we came to Florence, to the grave of Theodore Parker. It had been somewhat in my feeling that Theodore Parker ought not to have been buried in Florence, so far from the place of his great work. I have no such feeling now. I shall no longer think it an unfit and lonely place where his body lies, in the beautiful Protestant cemetery, near the remains of many of the English speaking race, such as Mrs. Browning, Walter Savage Landor, Arthur Clough and hundreds of others. In a large sense Parker's work was done. But standing by his grave a deep feeling arose anew, that he was cut off twenty or thirty years too soon, that he should have lived to enter into the fruits of his labors, through a peaceful old age, after his memorable battles in great causes had been fought." Mr. Shorey expects to be absent until about the first of May next.

La Porte, Ind.—The church at La Porte is prospering under the care of Rev. Mila F. Tupper. The Unity Club programme for 1890-'91 is before us. The work falls into two sections. The Shakespeare section devotes twelve evenings to the study of Richard III. and Renaissance in England, and Henry VIII. The Outlook Section sets apart twelve evenings to the consideration of interesting current topics—social, political and educational,—to close May 12, with a social gathering. Miss Tupper is president and Minnie Wile and Ruth Willoughby are the secretaries of this enterprising club. The Unity Circle, of which Mrs. Elise Davidson is president, and Mrs. C. F. Rathbun, secretary and treasurer, announce a series of twenty-six fortnightly meetings to be given to the study and discussion of "The Duties of Women," and "Romola," ending with a social gathering. Much stimulating and uplifting work is here laid out for the fortunate members of the La Porte parish.

The Fellowship of the New Life.—The above "Fellowship," Thomas Davidson, president, Mrs. W. E. Wadman, secretary, whose address is 111 West Second street, Bergen Point, New Jersey, have issued a programme of lectures and discussions for the winter of 1890-'91. The general topic for the winter is "Theories of Ethics." Twenty-six meetings are arranged for the study of ethics, ancient, mediæval and modern, from the "Ethics of Socrates" to the "Ethics of Martineau." The aim is stated to be: (1) To show the grounds of ethical distinction offered by the system under consideration. (2) To determine the faculty supposed to make such distinction. (3) To present the scale of moral duties and the type of life at which the system aims. (4) To estimate critically its value as a guide to action. The meetings of the "Fellowship" take place this year on Wednesday evenings, at 8 o'clock, at 154 West Fifteenth street, New York.

San Francisco.—The *Chronicle* of San Francisco gives an account of the Unitarian Club meeting held in December. "A gathering of eighty or more gentlemen interested in the formation of a Unitarian Club in this city, was held last evening in the Maison Riche. Delegations from Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, Sacramento and San Jose were also present. After the report of the president for the evening, Horace Davis, made the opening address. Speeches, wise and witty, were made by Rev. Dr. Stebbins, Governor Moore of Washington, John P. Irish, Rev. C. W. Wendte and N. A. Haskell. E. A. Murdock proposed a series of by-laws, which were unanimously adopted. They call for four social gatherings a year. The membership is limited to 150. The following officers were chosen: Horace Davis, president; John P. Irish, F. J. Symmes, vice-presidents; George H. Murdock, treasurer; Sheldon Kellogg, secretary.

Geneseo, Ill.—Rev. M. J. Miller, minister of the Unitarian Church, the oldest settled Unitarian pastor in the State of Illinois, has announced to his people that Sunday, December 28, will terminate his pastoral relation to the society. This announcement means the retirement from active pulpit work of one of our best and most faithful ministers, whose home has been the beautiful inspiring center of spiritual quickening for the Geneseo parish, now for twenty-two years. We count it a fortunate thing for this parish that Mr. and Mrs. Miller, to whom church and community owe so much, are still to reside in their midst and join hands with the lay force in sustaining the new minister who may be called to lead them. We feel like congratulating this minister in advance on such parishioners as we are sure the retiring minister and his wife will become.

Seattle, Wash.—We clip the following from the *Seattle Telegraph*: "In the parlors of the Rainier hotel last evening, a reception was tendered by the ladies' auxiliary of the Unitarian Church to Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Van Ness and to Rev. and Mrs. E. C. Smith.

Mr. Van Ness is the superintendent of Unitarian Churches on the Pacific and Mr. Smith is the retiring pastor of the church of that denomination in this city. There were some 150 ladies and gentlemen present, and among them were the pastors of several other churches of this city. Rev. Mr. Smith goes from Seattle to Denver, Col., to become associate pastor to Rev. Samuel Eliot a son of President Eliot of Harvard College. He will be succeeded here in all probability, by Rev. Roderick Stebbins, who has for five years been pastor of the Unitarian Church at Dorchester, Mass."

Chattanooga, Tenn.—The ladies of the Unitarian Society, All Souls Church, Chattanooga, held a "fair" recently, for the sale of fancy goods and art work. Large donations had been received from friends in Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Buffalo, and other cities, one "special assignment" was reported from Japan, and another from Europe. The object of the bazaar was to furnish the new church, now nearly ready for use. We learn from a private letter that "success far beyond our most sanguine expectations" crowned the efforts of our Chattanooga friends. The exact financial report is promised later.

Olympia, Wash.—The trustees of the Unitarian Society have decided to postpone the building of a new church and to take the money now in the treasury, (nearly 5,000) and with it, erect upon two of the lots, a couple of houses, that shall bring in a stated revenue. This still allows a lot 60x120 for the church. It is hoped that some such plan as that of Mr. Jones' church in Chicago will be adopted. This will give a home for Mr. Hoagland and his wife and make it possible for the building to be kept always open.

South Bend, Ind.—We get an encouraging word from South Bend. The missionary movement at that point in care of Miss Tupper gains in consistency and interest. A correspondent writes that the recent visit of Mr. Jones to South Bend did good service all around, and helped to get the finances on a sound basis. Steps are soon to be taken to effect a permanent organization of the Society.

St. Joseph, Mo.—The *St. Joseph Herald* of Dec. 1, contains a report in full of sermon delivered in Unity Church by the pastor, Rev. J. C. F. Grumbine, on Sunday, Nov. 30. We are also in receipt of a card announcing topics of morning and evening sermons for the month.

Decorah, Iowa.—The new Unity Church at Decorah will soon be ready for dedication. The minister in charge, Rev. S. S. Hunting, has prepared a new choral Responsive Service entitled "The Prince of Peace" for the use of his Sunday-school at the approaching Christmas Festival.

Puyallup, Wash.—Rev. Herman Haugerud was ordained to the Unitarian Ministry on December 3. The following evening a full congregational meeting unanimously called him as pastor of the church.

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Mon.—God works for all.
Tues.—One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning.
Wed.—Always hearts are lying open wide,
 Wherein some grains may fall.
Thurs.—Earth gets its price for what earth gives us.
Fri.—Great truths are portions of the soul of man.
Sat.—Great souls are portions of eternity.
 —Lowell.

Job's First Christmas-Tree.

The chill wind blew sharply against the two little figures, that trudged stoutly homewards over a frozen New England road many, many years ago. Little cared they however for the wind or the rough walk, as they chattered earnestly of the Christmas time now near at hand. These little descendants of the early Puritans had none of the associations with the day which children have now. In Boston the people, led by the royal governors and other officers appointed by the crown, had received and imitated many prevailing English customs, but even there approval of Christmas sports and gayety had made their way but slowly among certain families, while in the country towns the old distrust of these merry-makings still survived.

"Nay, nay, brother Job," said the little maid, as she drew the close-fitting wadded hood a shade further over her forehead, "I fear me, these be sinful doings, indeed, and hardly dare I speak to the mother of such goings on. Surely it be right popish to have lighted candles and the like. Not but that I have a wish to see the grand sight and take a hand in the jollity, were it not for the mother."

"Hist now, Martha girl, thou hast a taste too for a merry-making, and I warrant me thou carest as little for the long prayers of the minister as do I. Have done wi' thy wise faces and let us counsel how we may best speak of this matter in the home."

"Counsel may we not, for here is the path, and yon is the mother. Best make no words about it."

"Nay, but I tell thee this, that I bide not here in the house when all the lads in the township are having their swing in the frolic. I make no doubt that thou'll sleep content, but I ha' been huffed and dinged enough, and I'll—"

Here the voice of the mother reached their ears, and they quickened their steps. She bade them hasten, reminding them that the Sabbath day must be kept holy. Sure enough, the sun had set and the Lord's day had begun. They must go quietly into the house and heed their behavior, and the vexed questions were dropped before their solution was reached.

It was no wonder that the rosy-cheeked Martha, in spite of her conscientiousness, had been betrayed into expressing great interest in the wonderful plans they had just heard in the village. There was to be a grand party at the schoolhouse, and all the families were invited to join in. No one seemed to know exactly what was to happen, but at least everything was to be bright and merry. No wonder, the eager eyes grew big and earnest with the speculations and the gossip, and no wonder the little hearts quaked with fear at the thought that since they had heard nothing of all this at home, it was only too probable they were to be left out of the coming frolic.

The father and mother of these children were devoted, loving parents, who tried with intense conscientiousness to do just whatever was best for their "temporal and eternal welfare," as they used to say themselves. Even smaller matters than this Christmas party became the objects of serious and prayerful consideration in their

anxiety to make no mistakes in the bringing up of these beloved children. That night, after the little ones had been tucked away in bed, the father and mother talked of the party which was so excited the children, but of which they had as yet found no opportunity to ask the mother.

"I met the schoolmaster this afternoon, Hannah, and he said to me, he hoped the Lord would manifest to me the innocence of the merry-making, and I'm free to confess that, be thou but likeminded, I give my agreement that we will all go."

"It may be best," said the mother thoughtfully. "It seemed to be so revealed to me to-day, and yet it gives me a tremor when I think what would have been said to Christmas notions when I was a child like they yonder."

"We may remember too," said the father again, after a pause, "it comes not on the day itself, but in the evening, after the sun setting. Then if thou hast naught more to say, why then I have not neither."

So the matter was decided, but with the agreement to say nothing to the children, lest there should seem some reason to change their plans before the eventful evening.

Little knew the good father and mother of the wild rebellious thoughts in the mind of little Job, whose name never seemed to fit him less than now. Never in all his short life had such an unreasoning longing taken possession of him to do something startling, something that should show his independence and change the monotony of the quiet, regular home life. Years after, when he was the minister his mother had prayed he might become, he sometimes spoke of those hours as the time of as real a conflict with himself as he had ever known. He was quite sure his mother and father had no thought of taking them to the "gathering," and well he knew the hopelessness of anything like teasing.

He revolved many plans in his busy brain, such as letting himself down from the bedroom window and going to peep into the schoolhouse to see what the others were about. He even meditated over the consequences, should he break his neck, trying to get down, or should he go to the party and then never go home again. He did not confide his thoughts to Martha, whose direct tongue he rather feared, but kept them turning and bubbling in his own heart. At last he made up his mind to what seemed to him a very desperate course of action, but one over which his grandchildren used to laugh heartily every time the story was told them. He would take his money, the precious money his dear, dead grandmother had given him, together with the pennies given him on his birthday and those he had earned from picking blueberries in the summer; he would take that money and go with it to the village store and spend it all for a big, big box of those strange and fascinating comfits just brought in from Boston, and which, as the children had told him, had first come over seas in a ship. Salem gibraltars were there too, and perhaps he would buy some of them. Then at night, when the cruel father and mother were in bed and all the other children in town were enjoying themselves at the schoolhouse, he would get up and sit there in his nightgown and eat up all those wonderful comfits. Very likely he would get his death of cold and go into a decline, but as he did not expect a very jolly time all alone anyway, these melancholy anticipations did not disturb him. Should he save some comfits for Martha whose patient content reproached him for these naughty thoughts? He could not tell.

Christmas day dawned with a cloudless sky and with that indescribable sparkle in the air that makes one whisper to himself, "O, I'm glad I'm

The Sunday-School.

(See No. XX., W. U. S. S. Soc'y Publications.)

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XVI. MAN'S SEARCH FOR GOD: POLYTHEISM.

"Elohim" (Gen. iii. 5, 22). Ancestor worship. Fetichism. Nature-worship. Sun-gods, etc. Hero-worship. First a priest, then a God. Idols: the Golden Calf. Ex. xxxii. 1-14. Apollo Belvedere, etc.

We are to ask to-day how the thought of God began and grew. We had in our last lesson some of the notions of the savage about the second self, the ghost, or spirit, which it was thought occasionally left the body for a short time in dreams and trances and for a much longer time, possibly forever, at death. These ghosts frequented their old homes and had it in their power to help or hurt men who were still alive. To turn aside their ill will or secure their good will, offerings of various sorts were made them. Thus ancestor worship began. This at any rate is the theory of some philosophers, like Herbert Spencer, who thinks that all religious ceremonies had their root in ancestor worship. Very likely religion had other roots also. But doubtless Mr. Spencer is right in insisting upon this as a prominent one. Naturally the men who were leaders while living received the highest honors after death. Thus we get Hero worship. And after the hero had been worshipped for a time, men forgot that he had ever been a man. He was thought of as a superhuman being who had always had his home in the heavens. Thus the hero or the priest became a god. This process by which a man comes to be a god we call from the Latin, deification; or from the Greek, apotheosis. It came to be common to deify and worship the Roman emperors even during their life.

Many of these religious notions seem very gross to us; but is there not a great truth in them? In so far as we become good we become godlike. And the clearest manifestation of God is to be found in noble men and women.

"Draw if thou canst, the mystic line,
 Severing rightly his from thine,
 Which is human, which divine."

Savages worship not only the spirits of the dead but also various natural objects, from the sun to a stick. The lowest form of nature worship, the worship of sticks and stones, we call fetichism. We find traces of a primitive fetichism in the customs of the ancient Jews. (See Bible for Learners, Book i. ch. xxiii.) Mr. Spencer thinks that nature worship began with ancestor worship. Others, like Prof. Max Müller, attribute it to an instinctive tendency to personification. Did you ever see a man angrily kick a stick that had tripped him up or was in some way hurting or annoying him? Perhaps you have done it yourself. Our first impulse is to treat inanimate objects as though they acted voluntarily, like ourselves. And it is claimed that primitive men really thought that they did and so worshipped them to secure their favor. One of the most conspicuous objects and one which had a great deal

alive this morning!" The soft, feathery snow had begun to fall the afternoon before, and all night it had been silently covering the frozen road with its lovely drifts and piling up the flakes on the bare branches of the trees until they bent downward. Job looked out of his window with a queer, mean feeling tugging away at his heart, but it did not keep him from taking his money out from the little mahogany box, so as to have it ready. He left his breakfast almost untasted and followed his father out to help shovel the paths with slower step than usual. He wished his mother would n't tie up his throat so carefully with the soft comforter, for since he had made up his mind to consider himself very ill used, he did not like to feel the touch of those gentle hands. He was to shovel the path to the woodshed, while his father took the wider one to the roadway. He stood alone there behind the house and looked down the slope on the scene, familiar through all the years he could remember and yet suddenly so strange and new in its winter beauty. The feeling in his heart grew stronger, and all at once he felt he could stand it no longer. The thought came, "I guess people ought to love each other on Christmas day," and he could never tell whether he spoke the words out loud or not. He threw down his heavy shovel and ran back

to do with human welfare was the sun. Hence the prominence of solar worship. The stories of Hercules and Samson probably originated in solar myths. (See Bible for Learners, Book ii., ch. xx.)

Animals also were regarded as having souls. Thus they were often put to death at their master's funeral that they might accompany him. (Read Longfellow's "Burial of the Minnisink.") And thus they frequently came to be worshipped. Sometimes a tribe would adopt a particular animal as specially sacred. This was their "totem." This is probably the significance of the animal mounds among the American Indians; also of tattooing and heraldry. (See Clodd's "Birth and Growth of Myth," ch. xvi.)

Thus men are led to believe first not in the existence of one Supreme Being but of many superhuman beings. This is polytheism. We find abundant evidences of this belief among the ancient Jews. (See Bible for Learners, Introduction, i., and Book ii., ch. ix.)

Just as we help our imaginations and our memories with pictures of our friends, so men have made idols to represent their gods. Some of these are very rude; others, like the Apollo Belvedere, the highest form of art. We should reverence all serious efforts of man to find and give expression to the Soul of things.

"Not from a vain or shallow thought
 His awful Jove young Phidias brought."

An "Idol" means a *thing seen* and it may be helpful to the religious sentiment if it is regarded as only a symbol of the unseen. But it may be worshipped as the god himself and so degrade the religious sentiment. It was to resist this tendency that Moses and the prophets of Israel opposed idolatry. But it took a great while to exterminate it.

Let us not miss the truth underneath these gropings. Everywhere we find a divine marvel and power. And man's search after God has not been fruitless.

For the Younger Pupils.—Do not attempt too much. Select. Perhaps begin with a talk about dolls and playthings, which the child personifies. Pass to the savage's personification of nature, fetichism, sun-worship. Tell the story of some solar heroes, — Hercules, Samson. Talk of the use of pictures and compare to idols. Repeat the story of The Golden Calf. In a closing word, make the pupil feel that we are ever in the presence of a mysterious Power whom for want of a better phrase we call Our Heavenly Father and the thought of whom should fill us not with fear but with trust.

For Older Classes and Teachers' Meetings.—Which came first, fetichism or ancestor worship? Adequacy of Spencer's theory as to the origin of ancestor worship. (See "Principles of Sociology," Part i., ch. xxii., and second essay in "Recent Discussions in Science.") Is the common aversion to horse-flesh a survival from animal worship? Connection of national symbols, — e. g., the British lion and the American eagle, — with totemism. (See Clodd, as above.) Significance of the grammatical number of Elohim. Relation of idolatry to art. The attitude of the Jew and the Puritan. Madonnas.

For Preparation.—In addition to the foregoing, see Spencer's *Sociology*, Part i., ch. xx. to xxv.

to the house and his dear mother. Sobbing he caught her sleeve and tried to tell her all the feelings that had been shut up in his heart for the last three days, and which he had conquered at last, conquered all alone by himself. The mother drew him gently into her room and closed the door.

After the noon dinner, when the secret had been told and the simple preparations for the evening discussed, Job drew near to his mother again and said with a timidity most unusual with him, "I doubt I be undeservin' to go wi' Martha," but the mother took his face between her hands and said with a kiss he never forgot, "The best preparation for joy is a humble heart."

Such a merry-making as they had. I wish I could tell you about the sleigh-ride to the schoolhouse, when Job snuggled down by his mother and once squeezed her hand under the warm shawl. The tree was wonderful with its strings of cranberries and popcorn, which made, indeed, most effective decoration. Not a single present did the little people have, no, there was not even the ice-cream and cake that you always expect, but the big dishes of simballs were passed round, and the nuts and apples were not wanting.

"Tell me, brother Job, what was the best thing in all the evening?" asked Martha, as they entered the

house together after the merry evening.

"That I know not, but I can tell the part I liked least; it was when Mistress Adams gave us each the two comfits that came from foreign parts," and he would say no more about it, in spite of Martha's entreaties to tell her what he meant. Indeed, it was many years, before Martha knew why Job blushed rosy red, as Mistress Adams offered him the strange new sweets. E. E. M.

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